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RED SPIES IN THE UNITED NATIONS - P. Huss & G. Carpozi

# ALLEN DULLES

BY GEORGE CARPOZI JR.



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Allen Dulles much more resembles the country squire than the spy chief of fiction

**I**F THE SPY, Allen Dulles, should arrive in Heaven through somebody's absent-mindedness, he would begin to blow up the clouds, mine the stars, and slaughter the angels." That's what Soviet Russia's top propagandist, Ilya Ehrenburg, has to say about calm, bespectacled, austere Allen Welsh Dulles, a gray badger of a man who looks more like a tweedy college professor than the master of U.S. spies.

But Dulles' credentials as Director of Central Intelligence and Chief of the Central Intelligence Agency are beyond challenge. Neither in America, where he has withstood severe Congressional criticism for his nonpartisan independence, nor in the Kremlin, where the Red rulers vehemently denounce him, is there question about his iron-fisted role in the misty world of espionage.

It was not until recently—when America and the world suddenly became more than ever before aware that our country is playing a deadly serious game in international intrigue—that homespun, rawboned Allen W. Dulles emerged overnight as the key figure in our intelligence activities.

When America learned it was Dulles himself who had been ordering planes high over Russia to take photographs for the last four years, it came as a shock and surprise to many that this sociable, quiet man could have been engaged in such a precipitously dangerous espionage routine.

But that was the fact, and it exploded with abruptness and alarm on May Day, 1960, when America's U-2 spy plane was brought down deep in the heart of the Russian Urals.

Premier Khrushchev gloatingly made